THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

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Here and There.

THE new buildings of the University of London in Burlington-gardens were opened, on Wednesday, by the Queen.

Lord and Lady Muncaster arrived in town on Saturday last from Athens, *viâ* Marseilles, and are staying at the house of the Hon. E. Horsman, M.P., Richmond-terrace.

The final result of the Plébiscite for all France gives, in round numbers, a majority in favour of the Emperor of 6,500,000 votes against 1,500,000.

The ridiculous practical jokes of which Lord St. Leonards was recently the victim have been traced, it is said, to his lordship's butler. Attributable to a long connection with the cellar no doubt. He must be taught to keep his spirits as well as his wine under.

No clue has yet been discovered to the ingenious artists who effected the great jewel robbery at Mr. Beaumont's.

The Chester Cup, run for on Wednesday, was won by Mr. T. Smith's Our Mary Ann.

Stockwell, the "Emperor of Stallions," died last week at Hooton Paddocks, in the twenty-first year of his age.

West Australian died at the Imperial Haras at Mézidon, near Paris, a few days since; the immediate cause of death being intestinal hemorrhage.

Definition.—Sunlight's Will:—His Won't.

The Sappho has won the Great International Yacht Race. There was mismanagement or misunderstanding about the position of the mark boat, and the yachts did not round her. At five o'clock in the evening the Cambria was reaching off Beachey Head looking for the mark vessel in the direction where she should have stood. The American was then six miles to windward on the weather bow. The Cambria went about at seven, finding she had no chance, and made for Cowes. The Sappho was then about nine miles to the southward, running about looking for the mark steamer. Mr. Ashbury, however, decided that the Sappho had fairly, thoroughly, and honourably won the race, and the American schooner takes the cup. The Cambria arrived in Cowes Roads about four in the morning, and the Sappho about six. The other matches will, it is expected, be sailed on Friday and Monday. The Cambria had no opportunity of trying with other vessels to ascertain her trim, and never sailed worse.

The fight for the Championship of America, between James Mace and Tom Allen, came off on the 10th inst., near New Orleans. Ten rounds were fought, lasting forty-four minutes. James Mace was the winner. Tom Allen had his shoulder dislocated.

We read (but do not believe) that the Duke of Hamilton made a bet on the result of the late Plébiscite, by the terms of which he undertook to pay 1 louis for every *oui* obtained above five millions; his adversary agreeing to pay 2 louis for every *oui* below that number.

A friend, noted for his absence of mind, paid Rochefort a visit the other day at St. Pélagie. After having sat a few minutes he rose to depart. "Going so soon?" asked Rochefort. "Yes," replied his visitor; "I recollect this is your hour for going out."

"As usual," writes a French critic of *Lothair*, "Mr. Disraeli allows no one to figure in his novel who has less than 50,000*l.* a-year." It would, of course, be difficult for our gallant allies, when drawing from life, to depict their countrymen under similar happy circumstances.

One of the most conspicuous characters in the ecclesiastical intrigue which is the main subject of Mr. Disraeli's new story is a certain Monsignore Catesby. The name smacks of treason, conspiracy, and gunpowder. The inquisitive people who profess to see real and living persons under the novelist's masks have decided to their own satisfaction that Monsignore Catesby is a respected and accomplished English priest, very well known in London, Father Capel. By a strange oversight, Mr. Disraeli has, in one instance, allowed the name Capel to be printed instead of Catesby. The error will be found in page 254 of the third volume of "Lothair." We will not speculate as to the origin of the blunder, which, whether or not it proceeded from the author's pen, has certainly escaped his eye. But it is curious enough to be worth recording.

The *Progrès de Lyon* gives, as a reason for voting affirmatively in the Plébiscite, that "the Emperor, representing Force, is seated on five hundred thousand bayonets." Uneasy, indeed, must be the seat that owns a crown!

Two ladies, well known in Spain, have just fought a duel with knives at San Sebastian. One of the fair combatants (a marchioness) was wounded in the left arm.

From the Notebook of the Hospodar of Duffraria:—Of all the follies of which a man is capable, marriage is, after all, one of the last against which I should warn him. Yes, my dear madam, you have hit it. It is the only one of which he can't *make a practice*.

There is nobody like Nature for giving the straight tip. She has given us two ears, and one mouth: we should therefore hear much and speak little. Again, we have two eyes, and one mouth: moral, see much and talk little. Two hands again, one mouth: work much, talk little. What about eating? Well, one *must* have one's cutlet.

We owe something to those who fancy themselves. The cost of their folly is their own: the benefit ours. In other words, they pay, highly too, for our amusement.

An accurate definition of modern morality would be "a way of speaking."

It is said that when there was so much talk about superseding Lord X. as our minister at Z., his lordship comforted himself by a comparison of his own case with that of the Psalmist:—"They only consult to cast me down from my Excellency." It is also said, of course with no truth, that the jest, much appreciated by a certain power in the State, saved him both title and salary.

"So Lady Z., that last of the veterans, is dead."

"Indeed! how old was she?"

"My *dear* Sir! the Old Guard 'die, but do not surrender' that piece of information."

A London Tailors' Debating Society is announced. Serious measures alone discussed. Will they try to cut out one another? Instead of crossing their legs, they will now, we suppose, cross their arms. At all events, no more goose, except for the purpose of saving the capit(a)l.

A young lady, of the Parisian half-world, telegraphed the other day to her friend in the following words:—"Impossible de vivre sans *toit;* besoin d'un billet de *milles*.—MALVINA."

M. Jules Lermina, the writer in the *Gaulois* who lately amused himself by reading at a public meeting the draft of a Plébiscite sentencing the Emperor to imprisonment with hard labour for life, has been tried for his pleasantry, and condemned to two years' imprisonment, and a fine of 10,000f.

F— a un propriétaire grincheux.

L'autre jour, à la suite d'une discussion un peu animée, M. Vautour s'emporte et offre, une giffle à F—.

Celui-ci lui envoie deux témoins le lendemain matin.

"Nous venons, disent-ils, un nom d M. F—, vous demander réparation—."

"C'est impossible, fait le propriétaire en leur montrant son bail: les réparations son à la charge du locataire."

A certain prefect made great preparations for the voting in the last Plébiscite, ordering, among other things, *three* urns. The number being considered unusual, he was asked to explain their proposed use. "*Ma foi*," said the good man, "it is simple enough: one is for those who vote *oui;* one for those who vote *non;* the third, of course, for those who abstain from voting at all."

"Pourquoi, demande une gouvernante à son élève, prions-nous Dieu pour lui demander le pain quotidien? Pourquoi ne pas le demander pour quatre jours, pour cinq jours, pour toute une semaine?"

"Mais, répond la petite fille avec ingénuité, c'est afin d'avoir toujours du pain tendre!"

An American newspaper recently had an "argument" with a contemporary, disclaiming personality, and after giving an extract, said it forebore to say that the quotation "revealed the manners of a blackguard, the veracity of a champion liar, and the morals of a thief."

Un malade, sur le point d'être opéré par le chirurgien de l'hôpital, lui dit en tremblant:

"Ah! docteur, je compte sur votre adresse!"

"C'est toujours rue d'Amsterdam, 49, répond avec distraction le confrère de Nélaton."

The following romantic story is current in Paris:—The Prince of Schleswig-Holstein, on his return from a scientific voyage which had lasted for several years, found his library in a state of great disorder. He asked his steward to recommend some one who could re-arrange it, and the latter replied that the only person he was acquainted with was a young lady who acted as companion to his wife. This young person, Mdlle. Carmelita Eisenblatt, is the daughter of a merchant at Calcutta, who was formerly in wealthy circumstances; but on his meeting with a reverse of fortune, the children were obliged to earn their own living, and the young lady in question had even appeared on the stage. She accepted the proposals made to her, and on her entering upon her duties, the Prince found her so well educated and so intelligent, that he was quite charmed, and at last made her an offer of marriage. The union is to take place in a few days: and the bridegroom has applied to the King of Prussia for permission to lay aside his princely rank and assume the title of Count de Boer, so that the marriage shall not be a morganatic one.

A San Francisco paper declines to publish particulars of three murders, as "there was nothing novel or original about the modes of death."

Tout le monde connaît le petit accident arrivé à Madame de Z., alors qu'elle était jeune fille; un poupon mort-né.

Bien et dûment épousée, il y a un an, par son Madame de Z., vient de mettre au monde un enfant superbe.

"C'est son premier—*au-dessus de l'entresol!* a dit la charitable Madame de V."

A Wisconsin farmer sues for a divorce on the ground that his wife can't chop the amount of wood that she boasted about previous to marriage.

The celebrated actor and manager, Macready, wrote a very illegible hand, and his free admissions to the theatre were extraordinary productions. He had one day given one of them to a friend for a third party. On the latter receiving it he remarked, "If I had not known what it was, I should have taken it for a doctor's recipe." "You are right," resumed his friend, "it looks exactly like it; let us try our luck with it." "Be it so; let us get the draught made up." They go to the nearest apothecary's, and hand the paper to the assistant. He throws a quick glance over it, and fills a phial from various bottles; another glance—another ingredient, and the phial is half full. Then a dubious pause ensues—the assistant is obviously puzzled, and scratches his head. Finally he disappears through a partition, behind which the proprietor is seated. The latter, a profoundly learned-looking man, appears at the counter. A short low dialogue takes place, in consequence of which the chief peruses the document. He shakes his head, evidently at the ignorance of the assistant, fetches another bottle down, and, finally, fills the phial with an apocryphal liquid, corks and labels it in proper form. Thereupon he hands it to the expectant gentlemen with a friendly smile: "Here is the cough mixture, which is apparently very good. Fifteen pence, if you please."

In the House.

THURSDAY, *May 5th.*—Lord Granville had the satisfaction of announcing to the Lords that the difficulties at the Red River Settlement had been amicably adjusted. Several Bills were advanced a stage respectively, and their Lordships rose, after (for them) a long sitting of two hours and a-half.

In the Commons, Mr. Bouverie declared war against the Women's Disabilities Bill as soon as the motion should be made for going into Committee thereupon. In answer to a question by Mr. T. Hughes, Mr. Secretary Bruce announced that a vigorous crusade was to be continued against betting houses, and that the Act for their suppression would shortly be made applicable to Scotland; while the mere fact of advertising commission agencies would be made a punishable offence. (Two gentlemen here fainted in the Strangers' Gallery—reported to be Messrs. Smith and Peddie—but we do not vouch for the fact.)

Mr. B. Osborne rose to a question of privilege, and in a few humorous remarks, but, we think somewhat unnecessarily, held poor Mr. Sing-Sing Whalley up to ridicule, for having written to *The Times*, complaining of having been hooted down when rising, a few nights previously, to challenge the Speaker's decision in the debate upon Mr. Newdegate's motion for Conventual and Monastic Inspection: the words, "kick him," "strangle him!" being prominent in the uproar. Mr. Whalley maintained that he had been discourteously treated, and had been threatened with being kicked and strangled; and appealed to the Chair if it was not notorious that, upon these particular questions, upon which he entertained somewhat enthusiastic opinions, there did not exist that tolerance and freedom of discussion which Mr. Osborne had claimed for their House. ("Oh, oh!")

The Speaker thought Mr. Whalley ought to have brought his grievance before the House, and not have written to the papers; and both Mr. Fortescue and Mr. Crawfurd having stated that, although they sat next to Mr. Whalley that night, they had not heard any of the sanguinary expressions alluded to, the matter dropped, having been productive of considerable laughter at the hon. member for Peterborough's expense.

The House then went into Committee again on the Irish Land Bill, with the usual prolonged discussion. The Bridgwater and Beverley Disfranchisement Bill passed through Committee; the clause disfranchising the boroughs being passed amid loud cheers. A slight discussion arose on the provision for the disqualification of persons found guilty of bribery at Bridgwater from voting in the Western Division of Somerset; but that, eventually, was agreed to, with the other clauses of the Bill, and we hope these corrupt constituencies are now fairly extinguished.

Friday, *May 6th.*—The Lords sat for twenty minutes, and rose exhausted with their arduous labours.

Among sundry questions of more or less interest, Mr. Bentinck asked Mr. Walpole whether the Trustees of the British Museum were aware that the Marco Antonio Collection of Engravings was to be sold at Frankfort on the 17th, and what steps they proposed taking to acquire the same, the approximate cost being only about 1,000*l.* Mr. Walpole, of course, was not aware of it till Mr. Bentinck mentioned it; but he found, on enquiry, that a special meeting of the Trustees had been convened to consider the matter. Cordial thanks are due to Mr. Bentinck for his kind interest on behalf of the nation in matters relating to art, which, unfortunately, appears to have few patrons in Parliament, and evidently none among those who, in Mr. Walpole's position, ought to make it their business to look after these sales of fine collections, and not to wait till some independent member calls their attention to them.

Mr. Allen moved the opening of the National Gallery and the British Museum three nights a-week, between the hours of seven and ten, to the public. Hereon ensued a slight debate, which was terminated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer giving a half-promise that the matter should not be lost sight of as soon as we had buildings properly fitted for the introduction of gas. We quite agree, however, with Mr. Lowe that the cultivation of the working classes is a secondary consideration to the possible destruction of all our national treasures by fire. Mr. Charley called the attention of the House to the subject of illegal lotteries. He complained that lotteries were carried on to provide funds for various Roman Catholic institutions (on the principle of Art Unions), but which tended to encourage gambling as much as if the object were a less worthy one. The law condemned gambling; and if it were put in force at all, it ought to be applied everywhere equally; and in the case of these lotteries, the end ought not to be held to sanction the means. Mr. Bruce thought otherwise, and made a distinction between immoral and moral gambling. Mr. Whalley complained anyhow of the benefit the Scarlet Lady derived from the support thus obtained for her institutions, and added (amid roars of laughter) that on one occasion the inmates of his house were actually frisked out of about 7*l.* for lottery-tickets, for the benefit of a Roman Catholic charity called St. Joseph, or something of the sort. He called that adding insult to injury; and we quite agree that it was unpardonable for this lottery tout to have taken such a liberty with the great Protestant champion, actually to have bearded him in his den. (Poor Whalley!) The Committee on the Irish Land Bill was resumed. In fact, we are almost tired of recording the weary progress of this unwieldy measure (we had almost written "nuisance"). But all things must, sooner or later, have an end, and so we trust will this.

Monday, *May 9th.*—Mr. A. Seymour complained, in asking a question of Mr. Gladstone as to the decoration of the Central Hall at Westminster, of the habitual want of courtesy, evasion, and manifest *nonchalance* with which he had been treated in asking similar questions of the First Commissioner of Works; and we think it high time some such complaint was made, especially as Mr. Ayrton immediately afterwards verified the charge by answering Lord Elcho in a similarly flippant manner. The rest of the sitting was occupied by the Irish Land Bill.

Wednesday's morning sitting does not call for a line of comment, being utterly uninteresting.

The Man Abroad.

Paris, *May 12th.*

THE voting of Sunday last must, of course, form the leading subject of a letter from here this week. In a political sense I will pass by on the other side; for where such reams of paper have been—shall I say wasted?—on the discussion of so very unprofitable a topic, there can be no use in harassing the readers of the *Man About Town* with statistics of the results of previous Plébiscites, the turn given to affairs by the said vote, and the rights and wrongs of the Imperialists and their enemies. From the whole barren mass I gather one fact which comforts me—that is, that the present occasion has given the superb correspondent of the *Telegraph* a chance, of which I need hardly say he has availed himself, for displaying his special and exclusive means of obtaining information. "This is more than than gospel—it is official;" "*I know it*;" "my next letter will probably be dated from the Prefecture of Police;" "the prefect of police told me so," are noble phrases, particularly the last; but I always laboured under the impression that the agents of the Rue Jerusalem were bound to secrecy, and not allowed to communicate the prefect's instructions to personal friends, much less in the columns of the newspapers. It is enough to make Sir Felix Booth turn in his coffin. I can assure you that the people of Paris are very thankful this election business is all over, as they hope for a little of that peace and quietness which will bring back strangers within their gates, and silver and gold within their coffers. Things are not, however, so tranquil as they could be wished in the noisy parts of Paris, such as Belleville and the Faubourg du Temple. Sunday evening was quiet enough, as the votes were not known except in fragments, so the only unusual scene was the enormous crowd on the Boulevards, and the desperate struggles for late editions, which were supposed to appear at intervals of an hour. I found, however, that the newsvendors generally managed to "ring in," about eleven p.m., a paper that came out hours before, and which one had seen while at dinner. Several amusing scenes occurred in the way of recognitions and unexpected rencontres, one of which, at least, will have a *suite prochainement*. On Monday, however, when the general number of the returns had come in, it was seen that the majority in favour of the Government was—thanks to the devouring activity of those prefects *à poigne*, who were not dead but had only been sleeping—even larger than its most sanguine supporters had anticipated, knowing people said that there would be disturbances in the regions of the Faubourg du Temple. I went up there about nine o'clock, and found the Place du Château d'Eu cleared of passengers by the troops of the Prince Eugene barracks, which gives on the Place, a large proportion of the troops having also just turned out to clear away a barricade erected behind the barracks, just across the canal bridge. I arrived there just as the troops came up, and, thanks to the unwonted civility of the sergens-de-ville, was allowed to remain while the omnibuses, night-carts, and fiacres which composed it, were raised to an upright position. A charge or two of cavalry and a few stray shots made up the programme of the evening's entertainment. On Tuesday evening matters were, I am sorry to say, rather more serious, as more than 300 *gamins* and *voyous* were arrested and several people wounded, again in this quarter. Last night, too, there were disturbances and more arrests, but as yet no one has been killed, though I do not doubt that some of the sensational papers will go in for a supply of horrors all hot. I hear that there will be no further display this evening, and shall not bother to go up so far again, as the telegraphic report of to-night and to-morrow night will be under your notice as soon as this can be. All in all, remembering what Paris is, and the language which has been spoken and written by the democrats, we may congratulate ourselves on having got over so ticklish a crisis without loss of life and a panic.

The alleged plot against the Emperor's life (for though I believe it was but too serious, I love the old English plan of believing every man to be innocent until he has been legally proved guilty) is at present wrapped in mystery, and will remain so until the matter comes before the High Court of Justice, which has been convoked for the purpose, on public trial. It is a pity that Flourens, and one or two of that class, could not be put into the dock as well. Though I am no lover of imperial institutions, and have a profound horror of bloodshed (I laid down when I heard the drums beat the first *sommation*, Monday night), I would gladly replace Monsieur de Paris in turning these gentry off. Assassins are bad enough; but what can be said for those who hire others to do the work, and remain themselves, like hideous cowards as they are, safely sheltered in a country, the imperfect state of whose laws does not admit of her giving them up, and whose government is so despicable and truckling, that it does not dare stop the meetings held in London, where these blackguards are the heroes?

While the preparations for voting on Sunday morning were being made by the officials at the various sections, another French man of note was passing away, who deserves more than a passing word. M. Villemain was eighty years of age, and had lived every day of it. He was celebrated both as a statesman, a writer, and a wit; while in the French Academy—of which he was perpetual secretary—his loss will be much felt. Truly, death has dealt hardly of late with the leading characters in French life—both political, social, commercial, literary, etc. Indeed, the French Academy has lost, within the last eighteen months, a quarter of its forty; and, certainly, some of those elected in the vacant *fauteuils*, almost justify the famous sarcasm, "he was not even an academician." Berryer, Lamartine, and Villemain, were men of a different stamp, a higher order, than the writers of the present day who have succeeded them, or are likely to do so. As well compare the bards of Greece or of Rome to the young gentleman who does the poetry in the corner of the Little Peddlington *Watchman*, as class the eloquence of Berryer with the pleadings of Lachaud; or the maunderings of Theophile Gautier with the splendid language of Lamartine.

In addition to this, I could chronicle a list of names, beginning with Rothschild the uncle, and finishing with the deaths which I alluded to last week, that would fill nearly half a column, and which have created some enormous gaps in the ranks of our upper ten. Villemain was, under Louis Philippe's reign, both a deputy, and afterwards peer of France; but ever since the revolution he has lived in retirement, devoting himself to his literary labours. He might have served the Emperor; but Baroche, Maupas, and Fleury, were more than he could stand as colleagues. His knowledge of English was most profound: a knowledge that he turned to good account by his study of Shakespeare. A good anecdote is told of him soon after his marriage, which did not occur until he was nearly fifty, while his wife was a very young, pretty, and fashionable woman. He had hitherto lived at his mother's house, who was a good honest soul, but not in any way *au fait* with the manners and customs of the great world. M. Villemain's favourite dish at dinner was the homely but unfashionable *pot-au-feu*. He was much disappointed at finding that his wife did not ever include that dish in the *menu*. He bore up bravely for a short time against the deprivation, but, finding that his stomach was stronger than his will, he begged his mother to take the reins of government into her hands, if it were only for one day, so as to restore him his favourite mess of pottage. The young wife, however, found out the conspiracy, and prevented the cook from serving it up: a fact which had no little to do with their subsequent separation. Another peculiar trait in M. Villemain's character, was his hatred and fear of the Jesuits; which went so far as to render him almost insane on that topic.

The races in the Bois de Boulogne on Sunday were of no great interest. The Plébiscite kept away the masses, and the *enceinte de pesage* was not very crowded. The only race of any lasting interest was the French Two Thousand Guineas, won by M. Schickler, the son of a Berlin banker, who is one of our pluckiest *sportsmenn*, and whose luck of late has been very considerable. Valois, the winner, only just got home by a head; but he is now first favourite for the French Derby, and even spoken of in connexion with your Epsom event, for which, however, his chance, I should say, was much below zero. The three-year-olds in France are the very worst I ever remember, *et c'est beaucoup dire*. I am just off now to the Bois to assist at Thursday's sport, which is even more unpromising than that of preceding days, though we are promised a sight of what I expect will be the Chantilly winner—Clos Vougeot. Next Sunday terminates the series of spring meetings at Longchamps, and then we adjourn to Chantilly for a fortnight.

I shall have to ask the proprietors of the *Man About Town* to raise my salary, as, in consequence of the number of people who are committing suicide by throwing themselves from upper windows, walking along the streets has become so dangerous, that I am compelled to hire cabs to get about in search of *ri véov*,—a heavy increase in my expenditure, which has always had the unfortunate knack of exceeding my receipts. In any event, I must ask them to insure my life for a good round sum, handing me over the policy, and then I will chance it.

Our Prize Rhymes.

PRIZE WORD—No. XXIX.—SACKBUT.

First—

Jehoshaphat wanted a hack, but
His purse wouldn't run to a nag;
Of browns there was not so much lack, but
There wasn't a quid in the bag;
So he laid out his wealth in a sackbut,
And played hymns at the door of the "Rag."

LUNATIC.

Second—

Of first-rate rhymes to sackbut
You 'll doubtless have no lack; but
Try dulcimer, or psalt'ry next,
And many, trust me, 'll be perplexed.

I did not mean this week my brains to rack, but
As you kindly give us sackbut,
Why rhymes I could find in a crack; but
Each M. A. T. could do the same,
It is so easy—fie! for shame!

TRIPLE HARP.

Third—

Dear *Man*, I do not want to quiz—
For hard words you've a knack—but
We all know that a bagpipe is
The same thing as a sackbut.

A sack 's a bag (you can't deny
I've hit upon the track); but,
Still more, a butt 's a pipe, so I
Have proved "bagpipe" is "sackbut." DIER.

I've many stringed instruments there in the rack, but,
Though strange it may seem, it is true;
The sweetest of all to my ear is the sackbut,
For, hearing it, I think of you.

NIL DESPERANDUM.

In Saxon, of all tongues under the sun,
Of words to rhyme there is no lack; but
It puzzles me sorely to find you one
That will agree with your word SACKBUT.

If you 'll tap that crack butt
Of old brown sherry,
I 'll play on the sackbut,
And we 'll be merry. UNCLE DROS.

If I were a poet, 'stead of playing on the sackbut,
And trying to find an admissible rhyme,
To a much better use I 'd my rhythmical knack put,
And not only ode would I write in a crack, but
With epic for breastplate and sonnet for jackboot,
A short path to fortune, thus armed, I would hack; but
Envy detraction would soon on my track put,
And, as kettle proverbial the saucepan called "black-pot,"
Reflect upon *me* its indigenous grime. A. W.

I've mellow old port in a famous old black butt,
I've a deep-toned trombone,* and a sweetheart beside;
Let the world, if it will, go to ruin and wrack, but
I 'll sip my ripe wine, and I 'll blow my old sackbut,
And I 'll dream of the darling who 'll soon be my bride.

OLDNUT.

MOTTO—"Multum in parvo."

To *but* and to *sack* I can find rhymes a score
(For at rhyming, you must know, I've a capital knack); but
I own what I ne'er, sir, acknowledged before,
It beats me to give you *good* rhyme to *sackbut*.

RESCIUS.

When Locksley bent the yew and cleft the crack butt,
No better bowman bade the bowstring twang;
Than his no shaft more surely used to hack butt,
But whence the strains that throughout Ashby rang?
Was dulcimer, guitar, lute, lyre, or sackbut,
The source from whence this old-world sweetness sprang?
The ear, we 're told, full music amply quaffed,
Where Richard tilted, and where Wamba laughed.

SIR SINGLE.

MOTTO—"Every little makes a mickle."

Old Nebuchadnezzar,
To get rid of three men who incurred his ire,
Had them cast into a terrible furnace of fire.
He wanted them dead, sir:
These three pious men so bold,
Who had braved the torture—the fire, the rack—but
Refused to fall down at the sound of the sackbut,
And worship the image of gold;
But they lived instead, sir.

PIMPLE.

"Oh, tell me, herald, why that look of sorrow on thy brow?
And why dost seek that tear to hide which thou didst shed but now?
Nay, think not to deceive me thus—thou weep'st, I am not blind,—
Oh, say, hath aught of ill befallen any of my kind?"

"Alas! my lady, all the day I fain would cry alack, but
I pray thee bid thy servants tune to mournful strains the sackbut;
Oh, well-a-day—no longer I will keep thee on the rack; but
Clarence is drowned, oh, lady mine, in Malmsey, in a black butt." L. N. P.

There was an old man, who—a vagrant musician—
Annoyed with his piping a mathematician;
Who, seizing his stick, would have dealt him a thwack, but
The little man warded the blow with his sackbut.

Brave Private Jones, of marksmen was considered quite a crack, but
One day, when shooting for a prize, he never touched the black butt;
Said he, "My nerves were startled, and I lost my happy knack; but
'Twas all because that man commenced to play his horrid sackbut." JACK BUTT NOT Q.C. YET.

With a hogshead of claret or sack-butt,
There is nothing then that I lack, but
From FORECAST a tip which horse to back; but
May he be drowned in a sack-butt
If he say wrong; but if right, I now swear,
To give him a high-stepping hack; but,
Better still, he shall waltz with Fanny the fair,
While I keep the time on my sackbut.

FIDDLESTICK.

* The modern Italian name for sackbut.

To lessen expenses, I've let my first floor
To an ancient and classical musical boor;
He spends every day, from the moment of rising,
On psalters and dulcimers loudly practising;
I tell him I am, at his noise, on the rack, but
The wretch doesn't care—now he's brought home a sackbut.

UNFURNISHED.

I wished to waltz with Jack, but
When we thought to begin,
We found our wretched sackbut
Had scarce a perfect string. REDOWA.

Jack Tempest, whose chamber joined mine,
By pacing his room had a track cut,
From window to door in a line,
As he walked about blowing a sackbut.
'Bout music he 'd got a loose screw
(Or, for sake of the rhyme, say a slack nut);
For night, noon, and morning he blew
His infernal machine of a sackbut,
To the horror of those living near.

Appealing to Jack I found vain;
He 'd calmly request I 'd go back, shut
His door, and not come there again,
But leave him in peace with his sackbut.
Other lodgers the building contained,
Who on him combined in attack; but
Nothing by this move they gained:
He smothered their talk with his sackbut,
Which he blew till his face became black.

Reprisals were uselessly tried;
Thus, sometimes in cooking his snack, soot
Fell into his pan, and was fried,
But his wrath he blew off through the sackbut.
Each man of us made up his mind,
That wherever we met him we 'd Jack cut;
And we passed him, as if we were blind,
But he did not abandon the sackbut:
He lovingly clung to it still.

He delighted long pieces to play,
And for hours our ears on the rack put;
So we felt we must all go away,
Or be driven insane by the sackbut.
We told our landlady we 'd flit,
Unless she 'd to this musical quack strut;
And serve him with notice to quit—
That is, give him the sack for the sackbut:
Which the old lady did "like a bird."

He left, but appears in the Strand,
His features disguised with some black smut;
As "bones," in a low nigger band,
He, perhaps, raised the wind on the sackbut.
* * * *
Of a suicide I have just heard,
An end to his life, I fear, Jack put;
In this verdict, twelve men have concurred:
"He blew out his brains with a sackbut,"
And ended his flatulent life. R.

PRIZE WORD—No. XXX.—MEMORY.

SOLUTION OF DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN OUR LAST.

H	ave	N
U	ntru	E
S	ta	G
B	el	L
A	llowanc	E
N	epomo	C
D	uca	T

Fun of the Day.

(From *Punch*.)

"THE SERVANTS."

Cook.—"Yes, Susan, I'm a writin' to Mary Hann Miggs. She'ev applied to me for the charicter of my last missus, which she's thinkin' of takin' the sitiwation——"

Susan.—"Will you give her one?"

Cook.—"Well I've said this. (Reads) 'Mrs. Perksits presents her compliminks to Miss Miggs, and begs to inform that I consider Mrs. Brown a respek'able young person, and one as knows her dooties; but she can't conshensley recommend her temper, which I had to part with her on that account.' It 's allus best to be candied, you know, Susan!"

A DEFINITION.—Shoeblack (pointing to the unsteady party by the lamp-post).—"Tea-totaller on 'the strike,' sir!"

(From *Fun*.)

JOHN BULL AS LORD DUNDREARY.

Bulldreary (reading Deceased Wife's Sister Bill):—"Th-thuppothe I-I am a w-widower, with f-four childwen, and my d-detheathed wife wath a w-widow, with two ch-childwen when I mawwied her:—if I mawwy m-my detheathed w-wife'th th-thither, w-what welation will her ch-childwen by her firth husthband be to m-my childwen by my f-firth wife? And w-what welation will my th-thecond wife be to m-my f-firth wife'th childwen? W-why, my f-firth wife'th childwen will b-become th-thonth and daughterth of their aunt, and b-bwotherth and th-thitherth to their c-c-coutheneth, and m-my g-gwand children will be bwotherth and thitherth, and n-nephewth and nietheth, and c-couthens—and they may mawwy and—and—and then—who the dooth shall I be?"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. (St. Malo).—You will find a full explanation in *Les Tricheries des Grecs*, by Robert Houdin. The variations of the system are infinite; but all lead to one certain consummation—the plucking of the pigeon.

MARS.—You wish to win. We can only advise another god—Bacchus.

LUTE.—U must be wrong. It is loot you are after.

J. HAYES.—We shall be happy to consider your request when we understand it. At present your wishes are Hayes-y.

DROMIO, S. S., TOUT SEUL, JOHN MAY, and several others, will see that their request has been complied with.

THE THEATRES—THIS EVENING.

COVENT GARDEN.—La Figlia del Reggimento—Masaniello. Half-past Eight.

DRURY LANE.—Roberto il Diavolo. Half-past Eight.

ADELPHI.—Too Much of a Good Thing—The Prompter's Box—The Enchanted Wood. Seven.

LYCEUM.—Breaking the Spell—Little Faust. Half-past Seven.

OLYMPIC.—My Turn Next—At Eight: Frou-Frou—The 'Varsity Boat Race Seven.

STRAND.—Widow's Weeds—Sir George and a Dragon—A Fish Out of Water. Half-past Seven.

GAIETY.—The Man of Quality—At Nine: The Princess of Trebizonde. Seven.

PRINCE OF WALES'.—Quite by Accident—At Eight: M.P.—Dearest Mamma. Half-past Seven.

NEW QUEEN'S.—My Wife's Dentist—'Twixt Axe and Crown. Seven.

ST. JAMES'S.—Frou-Frou—La Belle Sauvage. Seven.

HOLBORN.—Happiest Day of my Life—Behind the Curtain—Chamber of Horrors. Half past Seven.

VAUDEVILLE.—For Love or Money—Don Carlos. Seven.

GLOBE.—Milky White—Robert Macaire—Number One Round the Corner. Half-past Seven.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1870.

AT THE ACADEMY.

OUR first sentiment on leaving the Academy, after our preliminary inspection, is, confessedly, one of disappointment. We cannot but feel that the exhibition of 1870 is, as a whole, far below the average; and, though there are some pictures of great merit—aye, pictures that will live in our memory for years—yet they are but oases in a desert of mediocrity; and we have further to regret that there hang productions on the walls of our Academy this year unartistic enough to drive even Mr. Beaumont mad, and make the *Man About Town* long to stone the authors of such atrocities.

This first notice pretends to be no more than a scamper through the Academy, and we reserve for a future opportunity the privilege of commenting upon many works, which must necessarily have escaped us upon so cursory an inspection.

As an instance of our erratic disposition, we see at a distance, at the end of the Second Gallery, on our entrance, Sir Edwin Landseer's picture (No. 105) of "Voltigeur," and make towards it straightway. Is this a Derby winner? Heaven forfend! We no longer wonder at his want of success at the stud, and involuntarily turn to the cats, which are the companions of his loose box, and see in their pourtrayal the only redeeming features of the picture. Turning to the left, we are arrested by No. 91, "A Flood," by J. E. Millais, R.A. A baby, carried away in its cradle on an *impromptu* voyage, is smiling, unconscious of the danger, while its parents are seen in the distance putting off to its rescue. Incomparable as are Mr. Millais' delineations of babyhood, we fail to see, in the somewhat cold flesh tint the equal of many of his previous productions in this line; but the attitude is well conceived, and the half-drowned kitten, baby's *compagnon de voyage*, as a mere accessory to the *point d'interêt* must be seen to be appreciated. In Gallery No. III., Mr. J. C. Horsley, R.A. (No. 147), has painted the interior of a banker's private room, where a pretty woman, whose *duenna* sits discreetly removed, is negotiating a loan. The banker looks doubtfully on the paper presented to him, and seems to consider the security somewhat deficient; while the fair *négociante* hides her varied emotions behind her fan. The worn velvet pile table-cover, and the faded green curtain before the window, are admirably painted. We mark it in our catalogue, as worthy of its place in the line, and the reputation of its author. Two likenesses of H.R.H. Prince Leopold (149) and H.R.H. Princess Beatrice (154), painted by command of Her Majesty, by J. Sant, R.A. elect, we should think would hardly add to the credit of the new academician. They are most ordinary specimens of portrait painting. Indeed, the Royal Family seem to have afforded, on this occasion, the most complete examples of how the art of painting can be degraded, even by its most distinguished representatives; for, between the two pictures we have just referred to, we find "Queen Victoria Meeting the Prince Consort on his Return from Deer Stalking, in the year 1850" (152), by Sir Edwin Landseer. We find it difficult to believe that this has really been painted by Sir Edwin. From first to last it is utterly out of drawing; the colouring is bad, and the composition of the picture is entirely despicable. By the side of the Prince of Wales (seated on his pony), with a head four times smaller than it should be in proportion to his body, stands a Gillie, holding aloft a gigantic trout, within a trifle as broad as the head of the Prince himself; while Prince Albert, much like a barber's assistant in masquerade costume, leads the Queen forth from her boat, to inspect the spoils of the chase. Such a picture is unworthy of Sir Edwin or the Academy; and the Queen can have very little vanity if she is content to hand such caricatures down to posterity. No. 157, "Sir Roger de Coverley and the Perverse Widow," by W. P. Frith, R.A., has a certain amount of merit, though not without a tinge of vulgarity. (158), "Brimming, Holland," by J. C. Hook, R.A, is an unpromising subject, but treated as well as it could be, and full of merit. (159), "General Lafayette," by H. W. Pickersgill," R.A., a carefully-painted head. No. 161, "Louis XIII. and Louis Quatorze," by A. Elmore, R.A. This is an emphatically good work, and well repays study; the expression of the dying king, as he reproves the child's unwitting but too ready assumption of the title of "Louis Quatorze," is admirable in its affectionate sadness; and the details of the picture throughout are conceived and executed in a masterly manner. "Sun Gleam and Cloud Shadow" (162), by A. J. Lewis, takes our attention for an instant with an effective April gleam across a dwarf plantation on a hillside; and we pass on to (171), by Armitage, A., "Fortune and the Sleeping Boy," in which the figure of the boy, recumbent by the well-side, strikes us as particularly natural, and the whole picture worth inspection. "Day Dreams" (No. 172), by W. Q. Orchardson, A., is full of quaint and subtle fancies. Simple as is the reposing female figure, we could linger before it, and weave a story out of the scanty materials presented to our gaze. (178), "The Page," by W. Fyfe, is neatly painted; and close by (180), "A Sally," by J. Pettie, A., is a vigorous and realistic bit of painting, full of life and stir, and worthy of more elaborate commendation than we have space to bestow.

We only notice (No. 191), "The Rev. C. J. Martin, in Masonic Costume, as Grand Chaplain of England," by E. Williams, in a sort of astonishment that any man can have had the nerve to be painted in such a costume, and, withal, the simper on the rev. gentleman's face, so suggestive of entire satisfaction with his apron, gauntlets, and the generally Ritualistic effect of his "*get up*."

(197), "The Earls of Desmond and Ormond," is the latest production from the pencil of the late Mr. D. Maclise, R.A., dying, as we might say, in harness. Wanting in *chiar'oscuro*, as all his pictures are, the drawing is not the less wonderful in its intricacy and correctness of design; and, while we cannot say that it adds to his fame, it kindles anew our regrets at the loss of a brain so fertile to conceive, a hand so facile to pourtray. Let us pass on to (199), a portrait of the Lord Chancellor, by H. T. Wells, A., a good, solid, dignified portrait. The quality of the work is unexceptionable; and where ninety-nine out of a hundred artists would have made the gorgeous accessories prominent features, in this work they are wisely subordinated to the principal figure. We cannot too highly praise this exceedingly meritorious picture, either on account of the admirable likeness of Lord Hatherley, or the harmonious grouping of the accessory figures.

No. 202, "The Knight Errant," is, to our thinking, quite in Mr. Millais' best style. This picture must be studied to produce its full effect on the imagination. The lofty asceticism, the sad earnestness and devotion to the vows of his order, expressed in the face of the knight, is incomparable, while the nude figure of the maiden bound to the tree is altogether lovely, and painted with all Mr. Millais' unapproachable delicacy of expression and modesty of conception. This is quite a gem. Mr. Buckner contributes two portraits—one of Mrs. Sloane Stanley (173), and one of the Countess of Dudley (225), in his usually careful and somewhat dainty style of execution. Mr. Buckner's millinery is perfection; but this is not the highest style of art, and his portraits lack that grace and freedom from constraint which we shall have hereafter to speak of in others. (232), "Tea's Ready," by Mr. Freer, has a trick of firelight effect which has its charm, but the picture is badly hung; and (236) "The Mid-day Sun," an eastern scene, by J. Griffiths, is another, open to the same objection of "*trick*," though it evidences knowledge of the subject on the part of the artist. (237), "Cart-horses going to Grass," by Mr. O. Newcomen, is so evidently modelled upon the style of Rosa Bonheur, that we should scarcely deign to notice it, unless it were from the fact that it is so immeasurably below its model. The horses are badly drawn, and there is a pretentiousness about the picture that we do not at all like. We now come to what we cannot but consider the blot upon this year's Exhibition, in Nos. 239 and 240: Portraits of the Prince and Princess of Wales, by H. Weigall, exhibited by command of the Queen. What can foreigners think of us as an art-loving nation when they turn to their catalogues, and find that Mr. Weigall is the man whom "the king delighteth to honour"? A more feeble and meretricious style of art (only equalled by a portrait of Mr. J. H. Boehm, No. 387, by the same artist) it has seldom been our lot to witness. Signboards are scarcely subjects for criticism; but really we have seen many a "Markis of Granby" that would compare favourably beside these wretched specimens of so-called art. Verily, as we before remarked, the Royal Family have been exceptionally unfortunate in their delineators, and notably so in Mr. Weigall. (254), "The Rector's Little Daughter," by J. Hayllar, is another sickening attempt, badly conceived, and worse executed. This is, indeed, the twaddle of the studio.

Following our erratic fancy, we retrace our steps, and stand for a few moments before No. 143, "The Orphans," by Calderon, R.A., a touching picture, better in idea than in execution; but good withal. No. 135, a pretentious picture, by S. A. Hart, R.A., with about twenty lines of description devoted to it in the catalogue, must be remarked as an instance of all that is bad, pretentious, and ineffective, both in painting and conception. A more inartistic and slovenly production can scarcely be witnessed, and we write it down as unworthy of the name of art. 118, in Gallery No. II., by J. L. Gérome, "The Death of Marshal Ney," rendered familiar as it is by the excellent photographs we have most of us seen of it, is a masterpiece of the famous realistic Frenchman. The foreshortening of the dead figure is most excellent, and the grouping of the soldiers marching off in the dim grey morning light is highly suggestive of the tragic scene. This is one of those works which will live, and which cannot be regarded, even for an instant, without a vivid and personal interest. 115, "A Bright Midsummer's Night in Glencoe," by A. Gilbert, is a fine work, and eminently picturesque. 93, "Fish from the Doggerbank," by J. C. Hook, R.A., is another of this artist's fresh and crisp sea-side views. We thoroughly realise the scene, and, as it were, sniff the briny air. 87, "Venice," by E. W. Cooke, R.A., shows the hand of a master; thoroughly finished and perfect in its semi-moonlight effect, it is only what we should expect at Mr. Cooke's hands. In No. I. Gallery, we look at 66, "Contadini Returning from Rome," by N. Tayler, and accord our meed of praise for its original conception and admirable tone. No. 63, "Sea Fog Coming On—Evening," by H. Moore, is characterised by breadth of treatment; but we question whether the general colouring is not that of morning rather than evening. It may be a mistake in the catalogue.

No. 48, "A Portrait of John Kelk, Esq." by Millais, shows us an expressive head; but the technical work is bad, and the hand is a mere smudge, altogether unworthy of Millais. 33, "Ilfracombe, from Rillage Point," by J. G. Naish, is faithful and realistic in its treatment, the bold rocks in the foreground standing out well against

the blue of the sea. No. 45, another "Sea Piece," by J. Brett, is a fine piece of colour. But No. 50, R. Dudley, "H.M.S. Monarch leaving Portsmouth with the remains of Mr. Peabody," is, on the other hand, a very commonplace and ineffective picture. No. 38, "The Haunted Oak," by A. MacCallum, is carefully painted. The halo round the moon is a comparatively novel effect, and well rendered. 21, "London Bridge and St. Paul's," by the same artist, is good, and the light well managed. 14, "London from the Monument," by W. L. Wyllie, is another aspect of the river, and is remarkable for the plucky manner in which this young artist has dared to set conventionalities aside and strike out for himself a new line in art. Mr. Wyllie will do far greater things for himself, or we are much mistaken.

One of the finest portraits in the whole Academy is No. 3, "A Portrait of J. E. Pfeiffer, Esq." by Miss L. Starr. The colouring is all quality, and the likeness, which we recognise, a most admirable one. We fancy we give no slight praise when we say that there is little to choose in point of excellence between Miss Starr and Richmond. It is, as a portrait, altogether admirable, both in *pose*, colour, and execution. No. 8, "Scarborough, from the Sea," by J. Danby, is very commonplace indeed. Returning to No. IV. Gallery, we ought to give an extended notice to Sir E. Landseer's picture, No. 265, of "A group of Monkeys;" but that we feel unequal to praising this exquisite sketch in sufficiently high terms. We find it difficult to believe that this is by the same hand that painted Nos. 105 and 152. It is simply perfect, and entirely worthy of Sir Edwin's fame, which the others are not. No. 263, "A Portrait of Anstruther Thompson, Esq." by Sir F. Grant, P.R.A., is a capital likeness, solidly painted. The horse is, with the exception of some misconception about the off hind leg, good, and the grouping of the hounds well arranged. This is a fine picture, and such as the President of an Academy might not be ashamed to exhibit. 274, "Riding out the Gale on the Normandy Coast," is another contribution by J. Danby; but equally poor and ineffective with the other we have noticed. 285, "Gethsemane," by E. Armitage, A., does not altogether please us. It is too sombre, and there is a want of skill in the arrangement of the lights and shadows. The idea, however, is good, and, if it were not so crude, would be worthy of commendation. 234, "The Return of Ulysses," by T. Goodall, is an excellent picture. The falling of the shadows and the gradations of colour are exquisitely managed, and we can quite believe that, in this instance, the gold medal has been well earned. Mr. Goodall has a brilliant future before him. Our ramble has, we find, taken longer than we supposed it would do, so we shall have to resume our labours next week with Gallery No. V, and for the present conclude.

London Lyrics.

No. 24.

FADED FLOWERS.

You gave me these twelve months ago,
Your eyes were full of tears,
Your accents sounded soft and low—
We told our hopes and fears;
We wandered through the spring-dressed lane,
And heard the cuckoo call,
And watched the sunset's golden wane,
And saw night's shadows fall.

Ah! voiceless was our parting then,
And silent the last kiss;
Our very hearts stood still as when
One stands by an abyss
Unseen before, now only guessed
When trembling on the brink,
Love's sweet and bitter both confessed—
Why should we pause to think?

Our silence was most eloquent—
The touch of lip and hand
Far more than spoken promise meant,
Or light vows traced on sand;
We looked up to the star-decked sky,
And over the still sea,
Loving with love that could not die
In deep eternity.

Vain fancies! vain as these poor flowers,
Whose scent and hue are dead;
Vain as the impress of those hours
That into space are sped:
The bright world smiled its garish smiles,
And wreathed the victor's crown
About your brows, and with soft wiles
Smoothed memory's rising frown.

Sweet is the sound of flattery's tongue—
The praises of the crowd—
What wonder that you move among
Your fellows, fair and proud?
What wonder that your heart forgets
What were far best forgot:
Why should you cherish vain regrets
In your far brighter lot?

The sudden wealth that gave you place
Where now you grandly move,
Must rightly, sure, all thoughts efface
Of former, poorer, love:
The world is lying at your feet;
A jewel in jewels you're set:
One thing your lot will soon complete—
An earldom's coronet.

Go—weave it with your sunny hair,
And smile your hours away;
Amid the fairest seem most fair,
And live your little day.
And when the world grows wan and cold,
When shattered is its spell,
Sweet tales of happier days of old
These Faded Flowers shall tell.

The Grumbler.

SAW the Blues and their magnificent band going to the Queen's Drawing Room on Tuesday last, did you? Well, I didn't; but I'll tell you what I did see, and that was not magnificent. What was that? Why, several carriages full of loveliness—yes, shivering loveliness—returning from the Drawing Room, with low dresses, long trains, diamonds, plumes, and chignons, all complete. Yes, "armed at all points for beauty's conquest sure." And this at 4 P.M., with a bitter north-easterly wind blowing on a bright May afternoon, A.D. 1870. Now, is it possible to conceive anything more preposterous, more absurd, than to see carriage-loads of the loveliest "sprig-lets" of the aristocracy of the world driving about through the streets of a great commercial capital, the counting-house of civilisation, in dresses and costumes of gauze and tulle, made but to bear the light of wax and gas, and all looking like shivering ballerinas on a Bœuf Gras chariot, drawn up before the Paris Hotel de Ville during a hail-storm in March? No! 'tis really absurdly ridiculous. We grin at a bone through an Ojibbeway's nose, which must have mightily sneezed at the perforation for the beauty's adornment; but the lovely shoulders, chest, and bosom of the beautiful *decoltée* belle of the season would bear the exposure of a later hour with more chance of admiration, and she with less chance of sneezing and coughing, were presentations made in more suitable toilettes, or, if such toilettes, for courtly etiquette, must be worn, at more suitable hours. Imagine, my dear Jones, your wife—my old flame of thirty years since, or your charming daughter Arabella Matilda, in low dresses, exposing all their necks, shoulders, and what not, at 2 P.M., and with a north-easterly wind blowing, while going to or returning from Highbury Barn or the Crystal Palace. Think of the absurdity of the thing! Besides, Mrs. Jones, you know, is stout, and naked stoutness is not pretty in Pall Mall at 2 P.M., whatever it may be after 8. Then Arabella is, I think, inclined to be what some persons might ill-naturedly called scraggy. But, be that as it may, high shoulder-bones, prominent collar ditto, added to a general leanness below, when uncovered, is not *appétissante*, as the French would say, nor in any way improved (particularly if sallow) by daylight; and, to be plain, however beautiful or well-made the party, the whole thing savours of indelicacy, coughs, and pockethandkerchiefs. Drawing Rooms for ages past have been held at the same hour, have they? Well, very possibly they have, but I don't see that that makes the thing one bit better. Henry II. was a very great sovereign, and had a professed and patented fool at his Court, and no doubt laughed very often at his absurdities; but it doesn't follow that our gracious sovereign Victoria the Beloved is bound to support or approve absurd customs and fashions that must entail fatigue and disgust to herself, and that should long since have been remedied and re-organised. Just imagine the late gifted Malibran, or the still living, ever-fascinating Taglioni, driving about town at two or three P.M., the one dressed in the night-gown of Amina, the other as Sylphide, with nothing, or next to it! would it, think you, be more ridiculous or shocking to the feelings—I say nothing of the taste—of the Rev. Howler Growler than these ewes and lambkins of our aristocracy, forced to foist themselves, in broad daylight, before the public gaze, half naked up above, below all gauze. Well can one imagine our good, virtuous, and motherly Queen, fatigued and bored by the whole business. Only imagine having to stand for hours to witness such a defile! Shut up all the shops and light up all the gas at mid-day on Drawing Room occasions, or do away at once with such senseless, Richardson-showy affairs, as Drawing Room presentations at mid-day. How is it to be altered? Why, easily enough. By order of Her Majesty, let the Great Chamberlain issue cards for a Ball at Buckingham; and let all the young and lovely aspirants for presentation—the number, of course, being always properly limited, so as not to be boreing or fatiguing to the Crown—be made just previous to the dancing, and after half-an-hour's homage, let the shoal of young presentlings glide into the ocean of life—the Great Ball-room—on a guardsman's arm, or be whirled into the eddy of a waltz to the accompaniment of Coote or Godfrey.

Been to the Exhibition? Have I? why, of course, I have. What do I think of it? Why, that they get bad by degrees and annually worse. Some good pictures there, nevertheless. Are there? Well, I dare say there may be, only I didn't see them. Whose fault was that? Why, a great big lump of a girl, with dark brown hair and a sandy chignon, two feet wide, and which came down to her waist. I wanted to see Gérome's "Death of Ney"—stooped down to look at it; down came the hideous, all-obscuring article right before my view; and so it was invariably before every picture I attempted to look at. A cat may look at a king. May she? Well, I dare say she may; but she wouldn't see much of him if she had a great big chignon stuck before her face at every glimpse. Positively these adornments are getting no joke, and are taking up more room than they are entitled to. Oh! if women would but learn and believe that simplicity should be their charm, for therein lies her power! Anyhow, I intend going again to the Exhibition; but not to look at the pictures, but have a look at those who do, and the greater portion of whom I know beforehand will wear those odious, ill-assorted—as far as colour is concerned—chignons. Why, even the immortal William couldn't bear 'em. What did he say about chignons? Why he said:—

> "When beauty lived and died, as flowers do now,
> Before these signs of bastard fair were borne,
> Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
> Before the golden tresses of the dead,
> The sight of sepulchres, were shorn away,
> To live a second life on second head;
> Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay."

And which most certainly proves he thought as I do—that chignons are a mistake altogether.

The Man in the Stalls.

WHAT Otway's Pierre says of wit and honesty, may, I think, be applied to genius. It is a thing "much talked of, not to be defined." I am strongly of opinion that H. J. Byron is decidedly a man of genius; but if you ask me why I hold the opinion, I can only reply that he is a man of varied talents, which he employs with rare skill. And this definition of genius will not satisfy everybody. It does not quite satisfy myself. Some maintain that genius is only another word for originality. I have heard it described as the faculty of reaching certain objects, but reaching them after a different fashion

to that employed by ordinary men: and more than one writer insists that it means the possession in a remarkable degree of a taste and passion for a particular object or pursuit, and the power of gratifying the possessor's inclinations. Take which definition you will, you cannot deny that H. J. Byron is a genius; and if you ask for evidence of his claims to the distinction, go and see him in the *Prompter's Box* at the Adelphi. There is nothing more uncommon than the combination of the author and the actor in one person. Very few pieces are extant with any pretensions to originality, which have been written by actors. A translated farce—the opening of a pantomime—the adaptation of a French melodrama—these have been among the highest efforts of performers since Macklin wrote and acted. Garrick and the Kembles only translated. Sheridan Knowles was original, if you please; but it would be the very quintessence of extravagant flattery to have called that worthy Irish elocutionist an actor. Charles Dickens acts well, for an amateur; but could he ever write a play? He once attempted it, I believe, and *fiasco* was the result. Now, Byron has written good comedies, and may claim to be a master of dialogue: as a writer of burlesques, he is unequalled for pungent drollery, felicitous rhyme, and daring verbal convolutions; and as an actor he is simply *great*. Nothing can be better than the doleful gravity, the imperturbable serenity, the theatrically dignified action of the "tragedian" in his own *Prompter's Box*. Even the assumption of the profession of a comic singer does not abate his gloom. He is melancholy in his joy; rueful in his attempt at gaiety. The whole performance is in excellent keeping. You feel that he could do the *Stranger*, and it would require no effort to fancy that, in the delineation of that very lugubrious recluse, he was suffering from the dyspepsia which the beefsteak pudding of the *Prompter's Box* had induced.

I hate evergreens. They are dark, heavy members of the arborial race. They stand like beery mutes, or old-fashioned gardeners, to announce that Flora and all her family are dead. As descriptive of actors, the word evergreen should only apply to those ancient members of the craft who perform their dreary task creditably in spite of the encroachments of age. I cannot, therefore, call the charming Mrs. Alfred Mellon an evergreen—can I, now? Six or seven and twenty years have, indeed, rolled away since she smote me on the left side of my waistcoat as the joyous grisette Cleopatra; but she is still (on the stage) the brightest impersonation of wicked mirth. Her ringing, gleeful laugh is as infectious as ever; her smile, and the twinkle of her merry eye, have lost nothing of their fascination. If roses and lilies were perennial, they would horticulturally represent Sarah Jane—my Sarah Jane—your Sarah Jane—everybody's Sarah Jane. She is a crystallised smile. In nothing has she changed, dramatically, during an entire generation. The action of the hands is the same—the uplifted forefinger—the wringing flexibility of the wrist—the curious use of the pocket-handkerchief (sacred emblem of man's physical infirmities—his grief—his perspiration—and the irritation of a mucous membrane!) all carry me back to my salad days, when Edward Wright was the Momus of the Adelphi, and "Woolgar" and Paul Bedford helped out the fun. Poor Paul! he has glided out of sight and hearing, but the memory of his "Believe yer, my boy!" still tortures me.

General officers seldom speak in their despatches of the gallantry and military skill of any one under the rank of a Lieut.-Colonel in command of a regiment, or of a staff officer. Theatrical reporters are much of the same character. They limit their register to the deeds of the principal actors, leaving subordinates in the cold. Now, like Sir de Lacy Evans, who boldly initiated the practice of doing justice to the heroism of a sergeant, I desire to place on record that Harwood Cooper is a thoroughly good and useful actor. His exceeding modesty has hitherto kept him in the background, and *habitués* of the Olympic had got a notion, which fire could not melt out of them, that Harwood Cooper's mark was a waiter at a music hall. But he has now obtained an opportunity of emerging from obscurity, and as the London manager of an unnamed theatre, he acts with great spirit and intelligence.

There is a good carpenter's scene in the *Prompter's Box*, which has escaped notice in the praise bestowed on the rest of the performance. It represents the stage door of a country theatre. The old Cerberus—well depicted by C. J. Smith—is airing himself at the portal. An inflated author calls to express his surprise that the manager has not acknowledged the receipt of his MS. It is returned to him with the stereotyped message, accompanied by a sly reflection from Cerberus, on *the weight* of the piece left for perusal. A provincial *flaneur* appears with a note for Mademoiselle Seraphine something or other, and is informed by Venerable Grimy that all letters for her are opened by *her husband*. The dismayed youth vanishes. The satire is excellent. The ignorance and impertinence which suggest these gross liberties with ladies who from choice or necessity adopt the stage as a profession, cannot be too severely criticised. It seems to be enough for the donkeyhood of society, that there are some few girls in every theatre who have been the victims of misplaced confidence in man's truth and honour. All are at once placed in the same category by the witless youth, who believe their persons or their purses to be irresistible, and epistolary insults proclaim their wretched purposes. It is an old story. In France, this sort of bastard gallantry has, in its time, received some severe rebukes at the hands of beautiful and clever women. I am an old collector of curious autograph letters; and at this moment there lies before me one written in 1798, by Mdlle. Mezéray, of the Comédie Française, to Grissod de le Reyniere, then the editor of the *Courrier des Spectacles*. It seems worth translating. She writes—

"When I begged of you not to talk to me of a love that I could not reciprocate, and to confine your sentiments towards me within the limits of *friendship*, I was far from supposing that you would found on the simple word either the hope or the pretext of an intimate *liaison* and a mutual affection. However pure your *friendship* may be, it is easy to misunderstand its ambiguity. Therefore, I pray, do not use the word in the academical and grammatical sense that you have chosen; but in that which the usages of society have recognised. I wish to find in my friends only that description of benevolence which would enlighten me on the subject of my defects and forgive my errors, but yield to the affections of my soul, and to the particular circumstances of my position * * * You say you would wish to speak to me at the theatre, and see me sometimes at my own dwelling. In the first place, let me observe, that I do not admire either dumb show or conversation behind the scenes. It draws away my attention from my part; and I am sure the dramatic censor would not expose me to such a risk. As for visits, I only receive those, in a friendly and familiar sense, which are paid me by a man I love, and who has devoted his soul to me. If I did not owe this line of conduct to myself, I should owe it to his character, his actions toward me, and the warmth of his attachment. I regret that, not having the honour of knowing you, I must deny myself the pleasure of receiving your visits. *Voila, Monsieur*, all that reason, delicacy, and frankness bid me write to you."

This was the letter of a superior and a spirited woman. But de la Reyniere was not to be extinguished. He cared for women only just as they cared for him. It was immaterial to him how fair they were, if he was not the sole object of their devotion. So, in 1814, we find him still in pursuit of actresses, and still receiving rebuffs. Minette, a charming actress at the Vaudeville, was one of the objects of his offensive attentions. "*Charmante et spirituelle*," she called him "old friend," "old lawyer," "old merchant," "old ——," "old sinner," "*ancien tout ce qu'on voudra*." I have six of her autographs. In one of 6th June, 1814, she writes:—"Let us come to the clause wherein you ask for my portrait in exchange for your own. Is it my *physique* or my *morals* that you desire to know something about? The *physique* is not very beautiful—the morals are possibly a shade better. I am afraid I shall not be able to satisfy you. Perhaps, out of sheer diffidence, I might paint myself in worse colours than I deserve. Truth should be exhibited in all her honest nudity. *You* would be satisfied if I appeared *en chemise*. See how modest I am—that costume alarms me! Everything calculated, my dear brother, I will leave my heart alone to be discovered." Eight years later she writes to him:—"Your tender solicitude for my health goes home to my heart. Dr. Rogues insists that *continence* is an essential feature in the regimen he prescribes. I will not dissemble, like the tyrants of melodrame. Continence was (against my will) part of my regimen before it was prescribed by the faculty; and if one of my admirers had touched my heart, I should have made a point of not telling you. You are indulgent: you know that flesh is weak. I shall pursue, I fear, to the end of my days, the sweet illusions which I thought had vanished."

The fairy extravaganza of *The Enchanted Wood*, produced last week at the Adelphi, embodies more of the Platonic element than the generality of these compositions, but it seems chiefly to have been written in conformity with Iago's doctrine—"the eye must be fed." There is enough of that description of scenery which play-bills and the ordinary reporters call "gorgeous"; and some brilliant costumes make *les rats des coulisses* attractive. There is faëry work enough, and a good revel of Dryads in their floral home, where roses are rouged and perfume of a pure stage order poured upon violets. Mr. Taylor works hard and to excellent effect in Baron Lobscousenhousen—Mrs. Alfred Mellon maintains all the traditions of her talent in parts which demand the exhibition of symmetrical limbs and a mellifluous voice—and Patti Josephs eclipses all her compeers in the richness and elegance of her costume. There is no scope for the unquestionable dramatic power she possesses. On Miss M. Montgomery rests the burthen of talk and song. She is a young lady who is not obnoxious to the charge of a severe reticence of manner.

What Lope de Vega wrote, Metastasio translated, Sterbini arranged, and Rossini dressed in unapproachably beautiful musical costume, was selected by the Marchesa de Caux for her *rentrée* on Saturday night. It was a grand thing for Grazzini, Mara, Catalani, and Grisi to be called Queen of Song when the realm was comparatively diminutive, and operas were performed by one lady and a herd of *burratini*; but now, when the lyric stage swarms with such regal vocalists as Nilssen, Titiens, Sessi, Ilma de Murska, and a dozen others—each of whom would have made the fortune of a manager in the days of Chambers, Ebers, and Monk Mason—it is a mighty feather in Patti's cap that she is the recognised empress of the operatic stage. And she deserves the pre-eminence—the force of her own merit has made its way. From the moment when, amidst the solemn stillness of a crowded house, *la bella Adelina* breathed the first notes of the "Una voce," until the close of the ever fresh *Barbière*, she held the audience spell-bound. "*Je les tiens, ces Anglais*," was a futile and premature boast in the mouth of Napoleon I. at Waterloo; it is a literal truth when uttered by Patti. We all recognise the potency of her authority. Long may she reign over us, happy and glorious, retaining the velvet liquid of her voice in defiance of the frosts of Russia, the *miasma* of the Pontine Marshes and the humidity of the British Isles. I flatter myself that wouldn't be a bad prelude to a toast in the little Diva's honour.

Mario's *rentrée* was another distinguishing feature of the performance of *Il Barbière*. To Mario, the reception given him by the house must have been very gratifying. In fact, he could not have "booed" more in acknowledgment if he had imbibed all Sir Pertinax Macsycophant's instructions regarding the value of that description of gratitude—for favours to come. The reception over, the audience settled itself to determine whether he still retained his old power. To the young, who had never heard him before, but who had had the advantage of hearing many others, it must have been surprising that he enjoys so vast a popularity: his old admirers—myself among the number—were painfully reminded of the many causes that have contributed to the decay of his voice. Still, one couldn't help admiring the skill with which he managed to elude trying passages; dodging them, getting in by the gate when he couldn't take the hedge, and going a long way round to avoid a purl, here and there. Probably, as the weather gets warmer, Mario will thaw into his wonted clearness and fluency.

The riches of the opera continue to accumulate. Nillson is with us again, and so is Pauline Lucca. A word about them next week.

Dramatic College Fêtes have, for the last two or three years, been decided failures as entertainments, and, I fancy, not very productive in a financial view. Let us hope for better things to-day. Old Drury, now with a fresher face than it has worn since it opened with Lord Byron's address, some sixty years ago, is to be the *venue*. Instead of fragments of a dozen plays, which no

one could possibly enjoy, we are to have Buckstone's *Married Life* and Sheridan's *School for Scandal*, entire. All the best men and women in the profession lend a helping hand, and—God bless them!—the Prince and Princess of Wales give their patronage and their presence. The object is so thoroughly good, that it would be treason to the drama to stay away, let alone that a sight of the Heir Apparent and his wife is always worth a guinea.

To what infatuation, beyond Mr. A. Wigan's desire to rival Lafont in the picture of an old beau, we are to ascribe Mr. Hollingshead's revival of *The Relapse*, under the title of *The Man of Quality*, must remain a Green Room secret. It could not have risen from the notion that the public, in its present temper, would graciously receive anything so *rococo* as Vanbrugh, even with the help of patching, tinkering, excising, and transforming. The manners of society after the Restoration were, we know, exceedingly gross; yet, profligate as they must have been, and coarse the language they tolerated and employed, Sir John's comedy was pronounced *un peu fort*, even by his own contemporaries. He intended the *Relapse* as a sequel to Cibber's *Love's last Shift* (which title some whimsical Frenchman translated *La Dernière Chemise de l'Amour*), and was so insensible to his own blasphemy and obscenity, that when he printed the play he declared in a preface his belief that there was not a woman of real reputation in the town but, when she had read the comedy over in her closet, would find it so innocent that she would think it no affront to her Prayer-book to lay the two books on the same shelf in juxtaposition! This was 1697. But the women of "real reputation" didn't see it, and the play was forgotten for 80 years. Then Sheridan disinterred the *Relapse*, and, with sundry modifications, suited to the severe taste of the reign of the Third George, brought it out as the *Trip to Scarborough*. King spoke the prologue to the comedy in its novel form, and justified the alterations on the score of an improved taste—

> "As change thus circulates throughout the world,
> Some plays may justly call for alteration,
> At least to draw some slender covering o'er
> That *graceless wit* which was too bare before.
> Those writers well and wisely use their pens,
> Who turn our wantons into Magdalens."

"Slender," forsooth! slender enough in all conscience. The chaste adapters of the reign of Victoria have found it necessary to go beyond Sheridan in the work of purification, and the occasional performances of the *Trip to Scarborough* have exhibited a somewhat more opaque covering, —to little purpose, however;—the *grossièreté* of the major part of the characters is not redeemed by the finikin refinement of Lord Foppington. Mr. Hollingshead, or possibly Mr. Wigan, has now cut the comedy down to three acts, and all that we get is a coarse representation of the manners of a repulsively coarse age. The piece is very badly acted on the whole, but I forgive the company their inability to embody a class of persons whose like they never saw, and cannot possibly conceive. A stage old beau is not a difficult character to represent, and so Mr. Wigan "staps his vitals," after the approved fashion, with palpable facility. The *Princess of Trebizonde* is a great relief to the *Man of Quality*, —"Stap my vitals!"

I see that Mrs. Lee, better known to the theatre-going population as Miss Neilson, announces her intention to give readings—that "last resource of noble minds." Fifty years ago, when wine merchants, or people in the coal line, failed in business, they set up a school, their fitness for the office being in an inverse ratio to their ambition. Now-a-days, actors and actresses who fail of engagements go to the rostrum, and bore an audience with their own peculiar inflations. The thing is dying out. The penny readings have been so execrable for the most part, that people have lost their relish for anything good, or, rather, their appreciation of anything better than the feeble efforts of weak-minded amateurs. Miss Neilson expects to make her way by publishing the names of a host of upper-crust patronesses. She forgets the wholesome adage, "Good wine needs no bush."

Frou Frou and *Les Vieux Garçons* continue deservedly to draw good audiences to the Princess's.

The Sporting Man.

THE TURF.

THE opening day of what is known in polite circles as the "Cestrian," to plain men as the "Chester" meeting, presented but few features of interest. The sport, with the exception of the Two-year-old race, which fully justified the expectations formed of it, was of a tame description; and, though alive with holiday-makers, I have, I think, seen the Roodee better attended. The Grosvenor Stakes, on which the curtain rose, showed Sunlight, for a wonder, in a tolerably equable frame of mind; and, as he was opposed by nothing of higher class than Performer and Robespierre, it was, rashly enough, considered good business to lay odds on Mr. Merry's heartbreaker, who was, however, unable to get nearer than third; Performer, after a game struggle, just beating Robespierre by a head. The Mostyn Stakes produced fourteen runners—the best looking lot seen out this season—Rebecca, who came with a high reputation from Middleham, Lady Atholstone, one of Mr. Graham's mysterious Middle-parkers, Wilberforce, a useful looking member of M. Dawson's string, Shannon, a Lambton filly, and The Knight, a fine slashing colt by Knight of St. Patrick, struck me as the best looking of the party; the first-named being honoured with the call of her companions at a very short price. She ran fast to the distance, Lady Atholstone, The Knight, and Shannon being her attendants, but she failed to stay home, Lady Atholstone wearing her down and winning by a length; Shannon being a good third. The winner, who has the orthodox Stockwell and Touchstone cross in her blood, was one of Mr. Blenkiron's family, having been purchased by Mr. Graham at the last sale at Eltham. She, like Tullibardine, has begun the season well for Blair Athol, the horse destined, I fully believe, to wear the mantle of the deceased Emperor. Nor must a word in favour of Lord Clifden be omitted, who though, in my opinion, in every respect inferior to Blair Athol, is getting race-horses, and good ones. The Wynnstay was won easily by Free Trade.

Wednesday's racing was pretty nearly confined to the Cup, the events preceding and following which were undeserving of notice. Not so the weather, before, during, and after that memorable race, which demands a line in black capitals to itself, as being the vilest specimen of an overflowing Cup since the days of Dalby and Flash-in-the-Pan. Owing to the danger of venturing beyond the borders or outside edges of one's umbrella, the task of witnessing what was going forward became unusually difficult; and I must confess that, so far as my personal experience goes, much of the sport might as well have taken place at Penzance. The field for the great event numbered sixteen, the absentees including nothing of note except Bonny Swell; while, on the other hand, the appearance of Cecil among the runners was rather unlooked for. Market operations underwent little change at the close, the only feature being the great firmness of Muster, who superseded Sabinus at last; and the good money that went on Cecil, whose "manager" took a gigantic bet about him from the Ring, which had to unite its scattered particles to accommodate him. There were, I believe, the usual preliminary canters, but I was not, I confess, among those who looked at them, my "constant care" at the moment being to keep myself reasonably dry. Until the flag dropped I saw nothing but a steaming grove of Briggses, or the local substitutes for the handiwork of that celebrity; and it was only when I saw Zapolya drop on his knees, as if imploring to be let off this time, that I lowered my Sangster and raised my Callaghan. After Vintner had served his customers for a brief space, the colours of Cecil, Muster, and Our Mary Ann were borne to the front, and remained there so long, with so little variation, that it seemed as though the *trio* intended to pass the post in that order. On reaching Dee-side for the second time, however, Muster had had enough of it, and Cecil and Our Mary Ann coming on together, soon held such a commanding lead that, although Formosa and Sabinus were in vigorous pursuit, it was clear that nothing else in the race had a chance of success. Rounding the turn for home, Cecil seemed momentarily to have the best of it; but, compounding immediately afterwards, he was passed by the mare, who came on, full of running, and won in a canter. Cecil, eased when pursuit was hopeless, was passed by Formosa and Sabinus, who finished second and third. Beyond the first four and Muster there was nothing ever really formidable in the race, which the winner owed, beyond doubt, to her light weight and the deep ground. Our Mary Ann has disappointed her stable so often, that her friends won but little over her victory; and after the financial difficulties with respect to Starter were found to be insurmountable, many of the patrons of the orange and black gave it up as a bad job. Although I have been on the look out for her since Gomera's victory at Goodwood, I had, like others, been completely exhausted by her moderate performances, and, when my champion Starter fell, gave up the stable. *Mea culpa! mea culpa!*

Thursday showed a comparatively poor attendance, and far from imposing sport—the two incidents of which worth record were the head defeat of the dark Coutts by Bonny Swell; and the reversal of their previous positions by Shannon and Lady Atholstone, in the Two-year-old Plate. But for the penalty carried by the latter, however, she might have won; while the "extra" carried by Jack-in-the-Box prevented his getting nearer than a poor third. The rest of the day and the week I must be content to pass over in silence.

The programme for York, extending over Tuesday and Wednesday, is a promising one; and though the Great Northern Handicap itself does not wear a particularly attractive look, the two-year-old racing will be interesting; and many standing dishes, including the Flying Dutchman's Handicap and the Londesborough Cup, will be found popular as ever.

The Craven Stakes, with which the first day's sport will commence, has White Slave engaged; and unless she has gone off sadly, she should find little difficulty in disposing of the moderate lot she is likely to meet. Several of the candidates for the Great Northern Handicap have been seen very recently in public—Cap-à-Pie, Wildflower, and Réalité seeming to have thoroughly extinguished their chances in consequence. The top weights, Tabouret, 8st 12lb, and Argyle, 8st 4lb, are stable companions; and though neither is especially favoured, both are good, honest, weight-carrying horses, the selected of which, probably Tabouret, will take his own part. Ploughboy, 8st 2lb, has repeatedly shown the possession of good, fair form, but has a little too much on his back, and can hardly hope to beat Paul Jones, 7st 12lb, or Acaster, 7st 11lb, neither of whom is quite good enough to land. Toison d'Or, 7st 5lb, can stay, and may probably beat the tardy Taraban, 7st 13lb; but I do not rate her chance very highly, and shall expect her to do no more than secure a place, my ideas for a win being centred in Torreador, 6st 7lb, who, though no Derby horse, is good enough to win here.

The Knavesmire Plate, in which two and three-year-olds try conclusions, looks like being carried off by Queen of Hearts or Perambulator, whichever Mr. Rayner may decide upon running: the best chance of lowering his colours resting with Thunderstorm, as good looking a colt as one could wish to see. We may look forward to increasing our circle of juvenile acquaintances pretty largely in the Zetland Stakes, for which most of the northern establishments will be sure to have a try. The best of them will have to gallop to beat Rebecca, who is very smart, and whose penalty will not stop her here unless she meets a flyer. Slap Bang, who ought to be ridden by the Great Vance, might win the Ebor Plate in the probable absence of Primrose; and the Glasgow Plate has nothing much more tempting to the eye than Brennus, 8st 7lb, whose class should bring him home under that weight over the T.Y.C.

For the second day four races are closed, and I may briefly dispose of the first pair by awarding the Eglinton Stakes to Bandsman, and the Stamford Plate to Talisman. The Flying Dutchman's Handicap shows thirteen entries standing out of twenty-seven, the live being headed by the slashing George Osbaldeston, 8st 12lb, who has rather more to carry than he will like. Lumley, 7st 13lb, will never, wet ancy, be the horse he was. Idus, 7st 4lb, is metal much more attractive, and after the recent performances of Mr. Crawley's colt, I see nothing to prefer before him. Fair Wind, 7st 3lb, and Musket, 6st 11lb, have each some claims on our attention, but neither will succeed in beating Idus. The Londesborough Cup looks like falling to King of Clubs, whose weight, penalty and all, will hardly prevent him taking the trick.

The other meetings are best left alone.

FORECAST.

Advertisements.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—TO-NIGHT (Saturday), May 14, Donizetti's Opera, LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO. Tonio, Signor Larocca: Sulpizio, Signor Ciampi; Ortenzio, Signor Fallar; Caporale, Signor Casaboni; La Marchesa, Mdlle. Anese; and Maria, Mdlle. Mathilde Sessi (her fourth appearance in that character. Conductor, Signor Vianesi. After which, the two principal acts of Auber's popular Opera, MASANIELLO, including the celebrated Market Scene. Fenella, Mdlle. Blanche Ricois; Pietro, Signor Graziani; and Masaniello, Signor Naudin. Conductor, Signor Bevignani.

Next Week there will be Five Performances, viz., Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday.

Extra Night.—On Monday Next, May 16, FAUST E MARGHERITA. Madame Pauline Lucca; Mdlle Scalchi; M. Petit; Signor Graziani; Signor Tagliafico; and Signor Mario.

On Tuesday Next, May 17 (first time this season), MARTHA. Lady Enrichetta, Madame Adelina Patti; Plunkett, Signor Graziani; and Lionello, Signor Urio (his first appearance).

Extra Night.—On Thursday Next, May 19 (first time this season), HAMLET. Ophelia, Mdlle. Mathilde Sessi (her first appearance in that character); Hamlet, Signor Cotogni (his first appearance in that character); and the Queen, Mdlle. Titiens (who has kindly consented to sing the part).

Extra Night.—On Friday Next, May 20, IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA, Rosina, Madame Adelina Patti; and Almaviva, Signor Mario.

On Saturday, May 21 (first time these two years), Meyerbeer's grand Opera, L'AFRICANE. Selika, Madame Pauline Lucca.

The Opera commences at half-past Eight.

The Box-office, under the portico of the Theatre, is open from Ten to Five. Pit tickets, 7s.; amphitheatre stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.—Prospective Arrangements. Second appearance of Mdlle. Christine Nilsson. TO-NIGHT, (Saturday), May 14, will be performed Meyerbeer's Opera, ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO. Roberto, Signor Mongini; Rambaldo, Signor Gardoni; Bertrario, Signor Foli; Un Prete, Signor Gassier; Alberti, Signor Ragueri; Un Araldo, Signor Rinaldini; Cavalieri, Signor Archinti, Signor Castelli, Signor Zoboli, Signor Trevero; Elena, Mdlle. Fioretti (her first appearance in London); Isabella, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska; and Alice, Mdlle Christine Nilsson (her second appearance this season, and first appearance in the part of Alice in England). Conductor, Signor Arditi.

On Monday Next, May 16, Flotow's Opera, MARTHA. Lionello, Signor Bettini; Lord Tristano, Signor Zoboli; Plunketto, Mr. Santley; Un Sheriffo, Mr. Lyall; Un Servitore, Signor Archinti; Nancy, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Martha, Madame Volpini (her first appearance).

Tuesday, May 17, ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO will be repeated.

Acting Manager, Mr. Jarrett.

Doors open at eight o'clock; the opera will commence at half-past. The Box-office of the theatre is open daily from ten to five. Stalls, one guinea; dress circle, 10s. 6d.; amphitheatre stalls, 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

MDLLE. CHRISTINE NILSSON TO-NIGHT (Saturday). ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.

UNDER the Patronage and Presence of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of WALES.—A SPECIAL PERFORMANCE will take place at the ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE (by the kind permission of G. Wood, Esq.), THIS MORNING, May 14, for the BENEFIT of the ROYAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE, when the performances will commence at half-past twelve o'clock precisely, with the celebrated comedy, in three acts, by J. B. Buckstone, entitled MARRIED LIFE. Messrs. J. L. Toole, W. H. Vernon, Kendal, Webster, Buckstone; Mesdames Hughes, C. Hill, Robertson, Frank Matthews, H. Leigh. To be followed by Sheridan's brilliant comedy, in five acts, of THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL. Messrs. Chippendale, Addison, Anderson, A. Wigan, Barrett, J. Clarke, H. Compton, Bancroft, H. J. Montague, Ashley, Stuart; Mesdames Amy Sedgwick, Chippendale, Alfred Mellon, E. Stuart; Mr. Santley (by permission of G. Wood, Esq.). Stage Manager, Mr. Edward Stirling. The Floral Decorations by Messrs. Hopgood and Jacobs, Brompton-road. Costumes by Mr S. May. Perruquier, Mr. Clarkson. Doors open at 12, commence at 12.30 o'clock precisely. Private boxes from one to four guineas; orchestra stalls, 10s. 6d.; dress circle, 5s.; amphitheatre stalls, 3s.; amphitheatre, 1s.—J. W. ANSON, Secretary.

NOTICE.—In consequence of the length of the above Entertainments, the DOORS will be OPENED at TWELVE O'CLOCK. Curtain to rise at 12.30 precisely.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI. Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Benjamin Webster.

THIS EVENING, at 7.0, TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING. At 7.30 precisely, the greatly successful original drama, in four acts, written by Mr. Henry J. Byron, entitled THE PROMPTER'S BOX; a Story of the Footlights and the Fireside. After which, at 9 o'clock, a New Fairy Extravaganza, written by Mr. Henry J. Byron, entitled THE ENCHANTED WOOD; or, the Three Transformed Princes, with exquisite and elaborate scenic effects by Hawes Craven, Maugham, and assistants, and beautiful costumes and appointments by Stagg and Mansfe, of Leicester Square. An extensive Corps de Ballet, under the direction of Mr. Cormack. The entertainments supported by Mr. Benjamin Webster, Messrs. R. Phillips, J. G. Taylor, J. D. Beveridge, Ashley, C. H. Stephenson, C. J. Smith, W. H. Eburne, and Henry J. Byron; Mesdames Alfred Mellon, Patti Josephs, M. Montgomery, Clara Thorne, Maria Harris, Nelly Harris, Clara Shelley, Cecil, Grahame, Leigh Murray, and Furtado. Notice.—"The Prompter's Box," at half-past seven; "The Enchanted Wood," at a quarter to ten. Box-office open from ten to five. No fees for booking.

THE ENCHANTED WOOD; or, Three Transformed Princes. A Fairy Tale, written by Mr. Henry J. Byron, and embellished with most elaborate scenery by Hawes Craven and assistants. The beautiful Ballet arranged by Mr. Cormack. Magnificent costumes and appointments. At a quarter to ten.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

MRS. ALFRED MELLON begs respectfully to announce that her BENEFIT will take place on WEDNESDAY EVENING, May 25, when will be presented the highly-successful drama of THE PROMPTER'S BOX; with the new extravaganza of THE ENCHANTED WOOD. Mr. J. L. TOOLE will generously contribute his valuable services, and appear as PAUL PRY, in two acts of the popular comedy of that name. Box-office open from ten till five. THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—Tickets may be had of Mrs. A. Mellon, at the Theatre, or at her residence, The Vale, Chelsea.

GAIETY THEATRE, Strand.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. John Hollingshead.—TO-NIGHT.

GAIETY.—NOTICE.—THIS EVENING, at Seven (seventh time), a Comedy, in three acts, called THE MAN OF QUALITY, adapted by John Hollingshead from Sir John Vanbrugh's "Relapse." Lord Foppington, Mr. Alfred Wigan.

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GAIETY.—PRINCESS OF TREBIZONDE.

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GAIETY.—Places can be booked at once. No fees. Prices, 6d. to 2 guineas. Box-office open from ten to five. THE MAN OF QUALITY at 7; PRINCESS OF TREBIZONDE at 9.

LITTLE FAUST.—LYCEUM THEATRE.—At a Quarter past Eight, EVERY EVENING.

LITTLE FAUST.—The drollest concatenation of sparkling music and funny dialogue ever produced on any stage.

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LITTLE FAUST.—LYCEUM THEATRE.—"A most unusual success. . . . Each tune welcomed with surprise and delight. . . . Burlesqued in the most humorous manner. . . . Scenery beautiful . . . dresses simply magnificent, matched by the grace of the wearers."—Morning Post.

LITTLE FAUST.—"A great triumph, not only for the composer, M. Hervé, but for Mr. H. B. Farnie, and all the artists engaged in the piece. . . . Received from beginning to end with an enthusiasm we never saw surpassed."—Morning Advertiser.

LITTLE FAUST.—THIS EVENING.—This celebrated Opéra Bouffe in English, supported by the following eminent artists, viz.—Faust, Mr. T. Maclagan; Marguerite, Miss Emily Soldene; Mephisto, Mdlle. Debreux; Siebel, Mons. Marius; Valentine, Mr. Aynsley Cook; Karl, Miss Lennox Grey.—Box-office open daily. Free list entirely suspended.—LYCEUM THEATRE.

BREAKING THE SPELL.—THIS EVENING at 7.30, will be produced an Opera Comique, in one act, by Offenbach. Messrs. Aynsley Cook, G. F. Neville, and Miss Dolaro.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

OLYMPIC.—FROU-FROU.—The Original Piece, THIS EVENING, at eight o'clock. New scenery by Mr. Johnson. Splendid dresses by Madame Thome and Miss Ansell. Music by Mr. Winterbottom. The piece produced under the sole direction of Mrs. W. H. Liston.

OLYMPIC.—FROU-FROU THIS EVENING.—Mr. G. Belmore in MY TURN NEXT and the 'VARSITY BOAT RACE.

MISS BATEMAN.—Mr. LISTON begs to announce that he has engaged this eminent Artiste for a limited number of nights. Miss BATEMAN will appear for the first time since her return from America on MONDAY, May 23, as MARY WARNER, in Tom Taylor's highly successful play. Places can be secured at the Box-office daily from ten till five.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

GLOBE THEATRE, Newcastle Street, Strand.—Lessee and Manager, Miss Fanny Josephs.—THIS EVENING, AT 7.30, MILKY WHITE. Mr. H. T. Craven, Miss Fanny Josephs. At 9.15, ROBERT MACAIRE, or the Roadside Inn Turned Inside Out. To conclude with NUMBER ONE ROUND THE CORNER. Characters by Messrs. J. Clarke, E. W. Sinclair, P. Day, G. Yarnold, and Barker; Mesdames Amy Sheridan, Kate Newton, Wilson, Sydney, and Miss Fanny Josephs. Music by G. Richardson. Doors open at 7; commence at 7.30. No fees for booking.

GLOBE.—LAST NIGHT of Mr. H. T. CRAVEN as MILKY WHITE.

GLOBE.—At 9.15, ROBERT MACAIRE; or, the Roadside Inn Turned Inside Out, written by Henry J. Byron. Received nightly with great applause.

GLOBE.—Notice.—On MONDAY NEXT, May 16, will be produced with new scenery, dresses, and appointments, the celebrated drama of THE MAN O' AIRLIE, in which Mr. HERMANN VEZIN will make his first appearance at this theatre.

HOLBORN THEATRE.—BEHIND THE CURTAIN. 8.15. "Produced in the best possible manner."—The Daily Telegraph. "Neither adapted nor translated; but entirely original."—Morning Post. "Very favourably received."—Echo. "Dialogue smart."—Morning Advertiser. "Invention, with plenty of Incident."—Observer. "A complete success."—Athenæum.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—FROU-FROU and LA BELLE SAUVAGE. Box-office, eleven to six.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—26th appearance of Mdlle. BEATRICE in FROU-FROU; or Fashion and Passion. Misses Heirade, Larkin, Turner, Lovell; Messrs. Barton Hill, Shore, Murray, and William Farren.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Mrs. JOHN WOOD in LA BELLE SAUVAGE at 10.15. New dresses, songs, and dances. EVERY EVENING.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—143rd Night of LA BELLE SAUVAGE.—Mesdames John Wood, Everard, Turner, Lovell, and a full Corps de Ballet; Messrs. Sol Smith, Young, Grainger, and Lionel Brough, at 10.15, TO-NIGHT.

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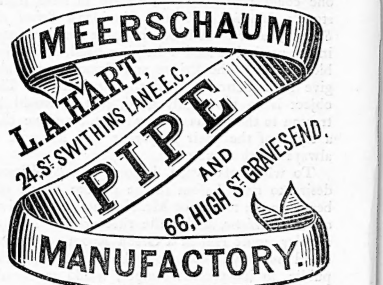

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